B. Tussenbrook

SUNG BY
M. JOHN M. CORMACK

## I HEAR ATHRUSH AT EVE

Serenade 300

THE WORDS BY

## Nelle Richmond Eberhart



The Music by

# CHARLES WAKEFIELD CADMAN

Price 60 cents

E.flat (b-E)

F (c-F)

Aflat (E+a)

WHITE-SMITH MUSIC PUBLISHING @
BOSTON - NEW YORK - CHICAGO

## I Hear a Thrush at Eve (Serenade)

I hear a thrush at eve
Wild notes up-flinging;
Twilight and rapture weave
Snares for his singing.
Yet soars his song afar
Seeking his golden star;
I hear a thrush at eve
Thrilling and singing.

So through the dark to thee
My song is springing;
Throbbing with ecstasy
Love notes are winging.
Lean from thy bower above,
Lean forth with eyes of love,
For through the dark to thee
My heart is singing.

Nette Richmond Eberhart

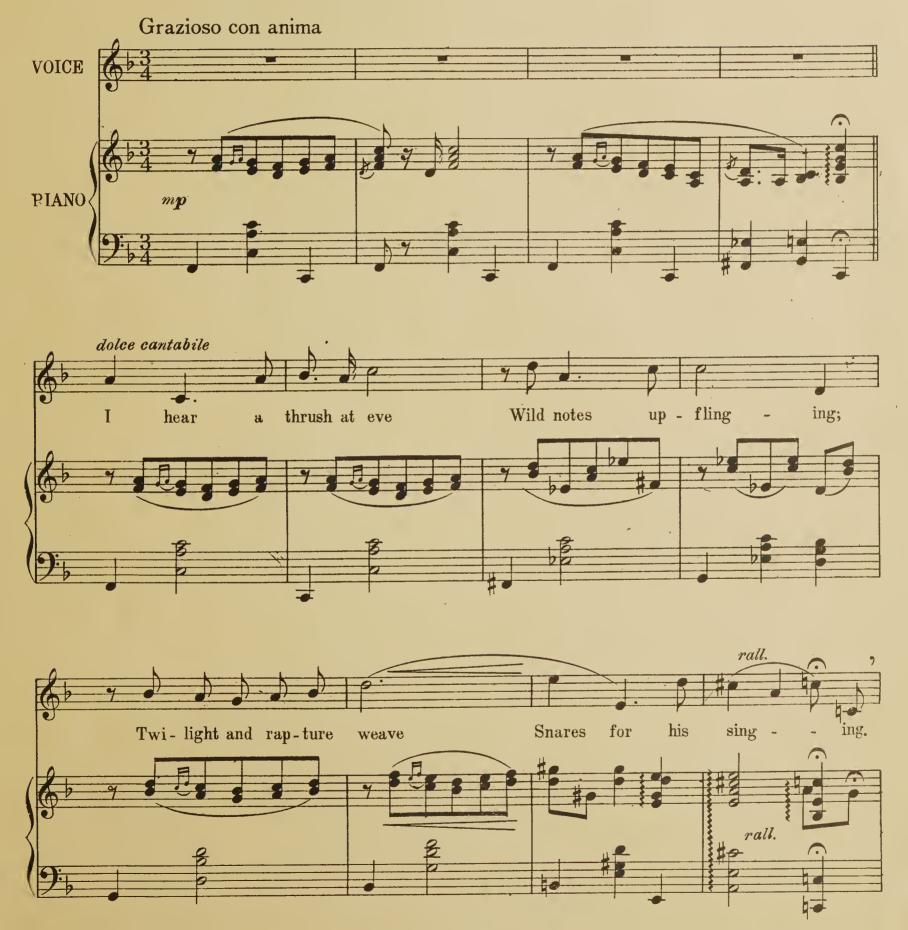
#### \*I Hear a Thrush at Eve

(Serenade)



Nelle Richmond Eberhart

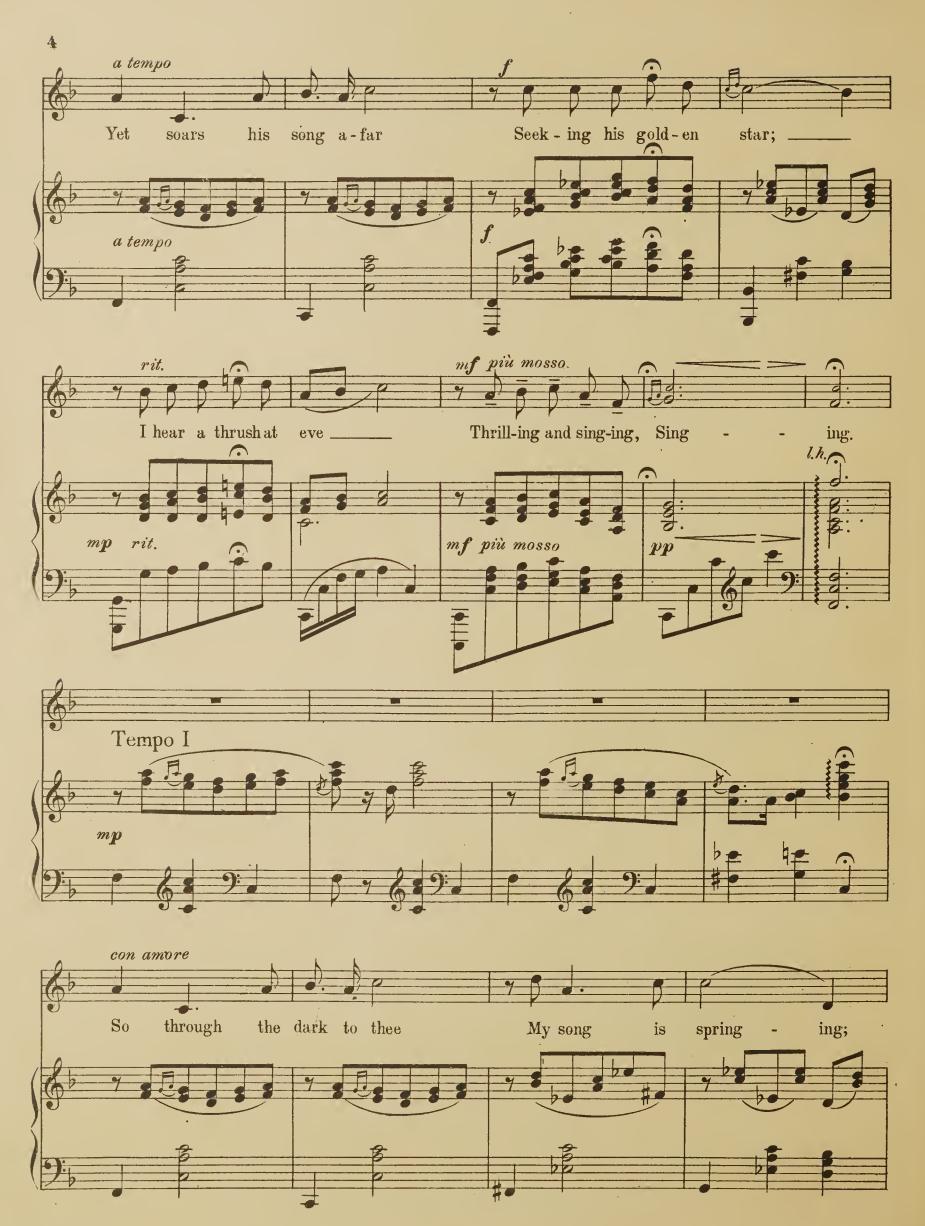
CHARLES WAKEFIELD CADMAN

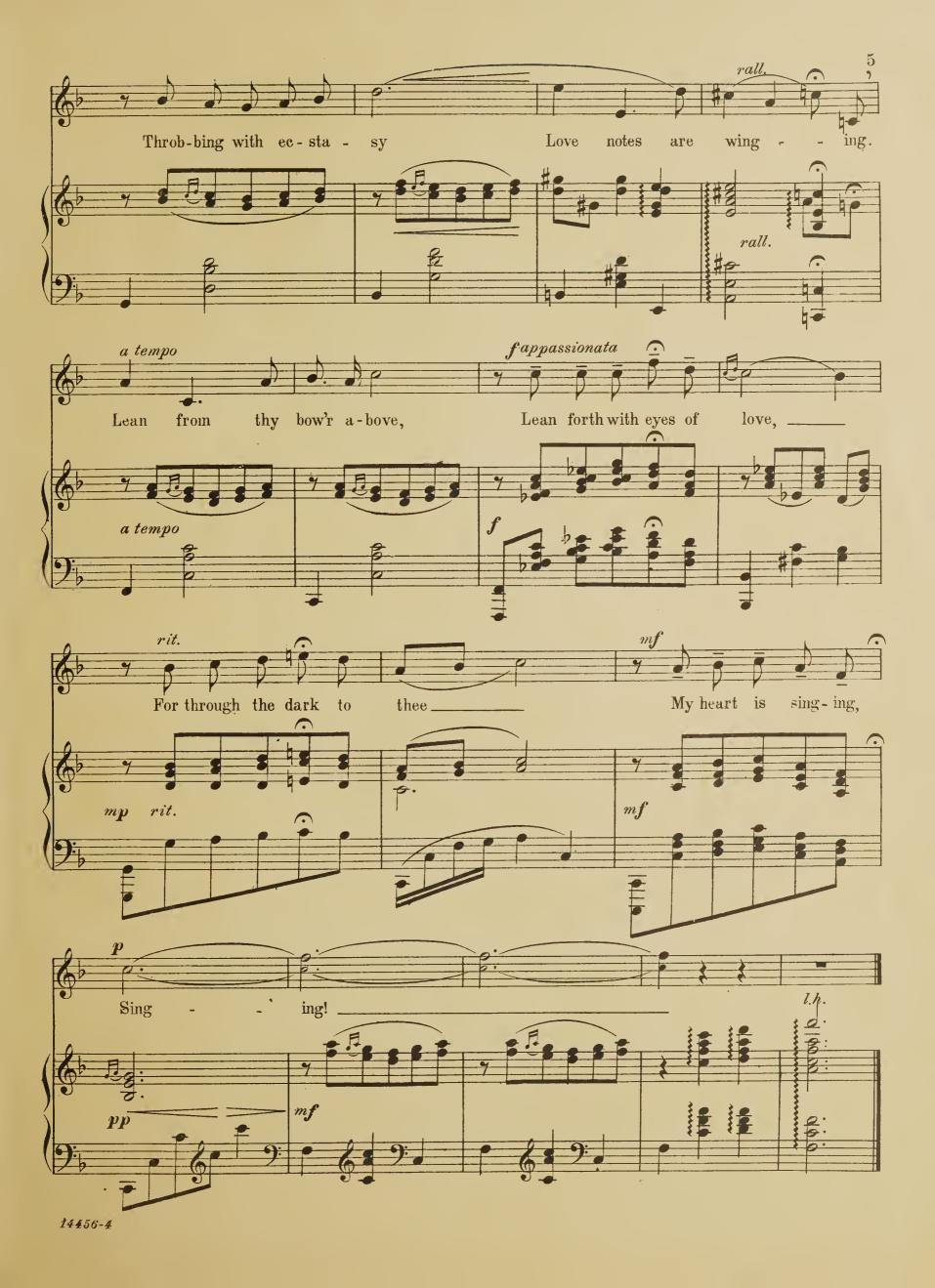


\* Orchestration 50 cents 14456-4

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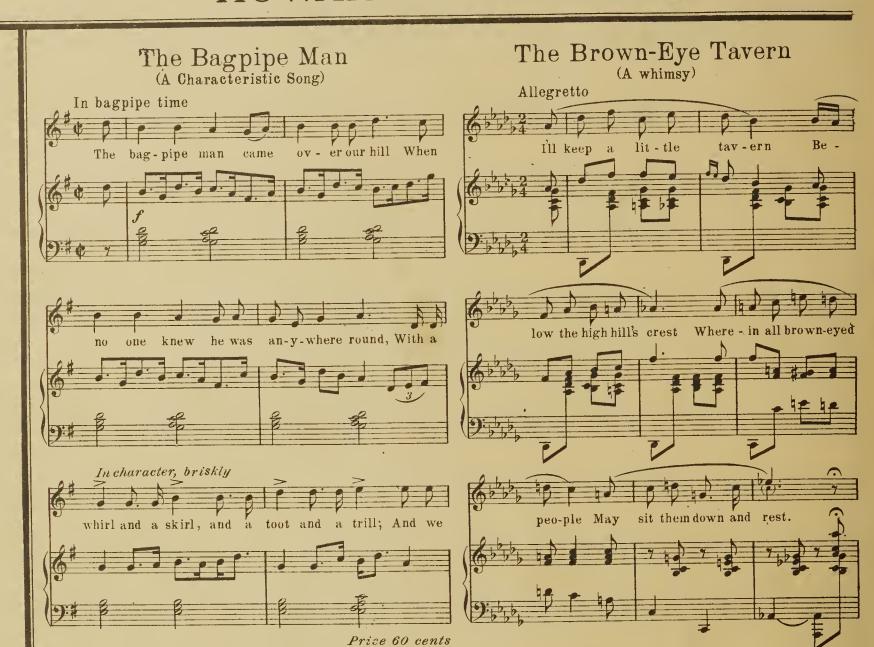
\*Also Arranged for Mixed, Men's and Women's Voices





#### Two New Songs by

### HOWARD D. McKINNEY



The bagpipe man came over our hill

When no one knew he was anywhere round,
With a whirl and a skirl, and a toot and a trill;
And we all went scamp'ring after the sound.
We cried, "Oh, tell us, what do you play?

What do you play so queer, so queer?"
And he skipped a couple of notes to say,
"But tell me, wha' do ye hear?"

One of us heard a trumpet sweet,
And the tramp, tramp, tramp of marching men;
And one of us heard the dancing feet
Of fairies down in a dusky glen;
And one of us called it a bird in June,
One, a river that ran and ran.
But he never would tell us the name of his tune,
The funny old bagpipe man!

Nancy Byrd Turner

There sound will sleep the traveler,
And dream his journey's end;
But 1 will rise at midnight

Price 60 cents

The fading fire to tend.

I'll keep a little tavern

Below the high hill's crest

Wherein all brown-eyed people

There shall be plates a-plenty

Of all the brown-eyed people

Who happen up the hill.

And mugs to melt the chill

May sit them down and rest.

Aye,'tis a curious fancy
But all the good I know
Was taught me out of two brown eyes,
A many years ago.

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Whisperer, tarry a space the waits far thee in the night The leans from his casement there With the star blooms in her hair and a shadow falls like lace From the fern-true over his face. And over her mantle white. Spirit of air and fire. The To night my herald be Tell her I love his well and all that I bid thee tell. And fold his ever the nights. wind of the Carib sea.